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A NEW CRANFORD: BEING A MORE OR LESS TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN EXPERIMENT

DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR J. B., WHO OF ALL OTHERS BEST
UNDERSTANDS WHAT PROMPTED ITS UNDERTAKING

BY ISABEL McISAAC

Late Superintendent of the Illinois Training-School, Chicago

(Continued from page 239)

III. OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

ONE of the best things about Cranford is that it lies off the main road, which to many persons seems to be a grave fault, but we like the seclusion, which comes more from our situation than from our distance from town or neighbors. Our place lies very high, bounded on both east and west sides by deep, beautiful ravines, which nearly meet on our north boundary and widen out on the south to meet a wide stretch of marsh across which wanders a dear little river near us, while miles away is the big river which is busy with all kinds of craft in summer. Across the other end of the marsh are the railway and trolley-cars connecting the two towns a mile and three miles away. All of this is spread like a panorama before us, a constant moving picture of traffic. In warm weather we often hear voices and music on the huge lake steamers ponderously going up and down from one wharf to another, and at evening time the lights across the marsh are indescribably lovely. The marsh is unusual in that the height of the water is not dependent upon the rainfall but upon the variations of the lake, which is separated from it only by a narrow sand-dune. This year, when we suffer so cruelly for lack of rain, the marsh was full of water and so green and beautiful it was an oasis in a thirsty, dusty land.

To reach our house from the highroad one starts at the southwest corner, goes east to the east ravine, and gradually ascends the east side, the scene of most of Billy's activities, and finally reaches the upper level at the northeast corner. Were it not for the odious comparison we might say, as the spider said to the fly, "The way into our parlor is up a winding stair."

The ravines are filled with trees, which serve as screens, enabling us to hear our neighbors but not to see them, nor can they observe our experimental farming. There are, however, disadvantages in this situation, because we have no chance to fly in case of an enemy's approach, for he is upon us before we see or hear him coming, which fact compels

some regard for our costumes in good weather. With two dogs of not altogether unblemished reputations and our shelf-like road we have no fear of evildoers.

One queer little man who came out from town to lay bricks carefully concealed all that were left over in the back of his wagon under a horse blanket, and prepared to take a short cut down the east ravine to escape Euphemia's observing eye, but, like other plans o' mice and men, he came quickly and sadly to grief and nearly ended his days like Absalom. When his wagon was at an acute angle to the road all the bricks slid to the front, making a great racket and giving such impetus to the vehicle that man, horse, and wagon were precipitated into the treetops below, where the old man lifted up his voice to the skies with the most elaborate, original, and picturesque profanity. The poor old creature was so shaken Euphemia hadn't the heart to claim her bricks, and prints of the scrimmage may still be seen on some of the trees.

This short cut descends so abruptly through the trees that we call it the Green Hole, as that is what it appears to be when viewed from the top.

Across the west ravine is a colony of summer cottagers and a large hotel with golf links which make our north boundary. While they lie so near to us that we hear their voices, we never see them unless we descend to the road, or semi-occasionally when some unwary ones wander through our gate, where Betty and Rex, the dogs, pounce upon them through the Green Hole and do not at all mind taking a nip at them, or Euphemia meets them like a grenadier and faces them right about to retrace their steps. Taking it altogether, we much prefer our sky parlor to living on the main road, where there is nothing to see but travellers, who are far less interesting than our panorama.

This has been a gray, quiet Sunday, when sight is blotted out by the soft falling snow and sounds come to us with almost startling distinctness, not cold enough to cause suffering, but enough to give us thankful hearts that our beasts and birds are warm and comfortable and we are safe at home.

Euphemia and Tom are in bed, tired with the doings of the day. An hour ago I laid aside my pen and lifted the curtain to look at the night. It would be moonlight were it not for the soft gray clouds. The snow has ceased and all the world before me is covered with a white garment of peace. Across the marsh a tower-clock is striking the late hour; other sound there is none, even the lake is silent and the foghorn is no longer moaning since the snow ceased.

Instinctively my thoughts and my heart go out to the night nurses all over the land. Of all the lonely watchers of the night, sailors, sentries,

light-keepers, and shepherds, none keep the solitary, anxious watch of the night nurse or the watching mother. There has never been anything quite like it since the world began, and no woman ever goes through it who does not all the rest of her life carry a shadowy remote corner in her mind and heart into which no one else may enter, nor can she ever look out into the night at a late hour and alone that she does not think of those solitary watchers in the great hospitals, in quiet city houses, in cottages and tenements in remote villages and on lonely farms, and with a throb of sympathy pray for their guidance and safety.

(To be continued.)

RELATION OF BACTERIA TO DISEASE

By MARTHA FISH

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EVER since the discovery of bacteria, over two centuries ago, many theories as to their connection, if there be any, with the diseases of man have been offered and rejected. Even as late as 1821 such a relation was considered as absurd. After that it was generally admitted that the bacteria and certain diseases were found together, which of them being cause and which effect not having been positively decided to the satisfaction of anyone.

In discussing this question it is evident that there are three factors to be considered, the micro-organism itself, the animal infected, and the resulting disease which is the sum total of the result of the characteristics of the other two factors.

In diseases caused by micro-organisms one characteristic is possessed by all, that is the ability to get from one individual to another. No matter what specific infectious disease it is, it is always possible to carry or transmit it from one individual to another, this property of transmissibility being characteristic of infectious diseases. The question is, then, what is it in the disease which can be transmitted and which will at the same time answer the other requirements of multiplication and change in the tissues?

In the disease itself two factors are involved—first, “infection,” and, secondly, “intoxication.” Infection is the entrance into the tissues of the body of a specific micro-organism which is capable of producing changes in those tissues. Man can contract certain diseases which the lower animals cannot, such as typhoid. Even the races of man are dif-